

THE  
IMMORTALITY  
OF THE  
S O U L.  
A  
P O E M.

BOOK the FIRST.  
Translated from the LATIN.

---

Painful the present Life of Man;  
No Rest from Labours thro' the Span:  
To see the better, that lies hid,  
The dark, surrounding Clouds forbid.  
Hence madly fond are we of this,  
That shines, on Earth, with showy Bliss,  
Merely thro' Inexperience fond,  
Because unshown the Life beyond:  
Fables, and Trifles all our Care ——— EURIPIDES *Hippol.* v. 189.  
*For Want of due Reflexion share.*

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L O N D O N:

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THE  
IMMORTALITY

OF THE

Soul

A

POEM

BOOK the FIRST.

Translated from the LATIN.

Painted the perfect Life of Man;  
No Rest from Labour thro' the Space  
To see the Port, that his bid  
The dark, surrounding Clouds ask'd  
Hence madly torn we of this  
That shines, on him, with heavy B  
Steadily thro' his bosom  
Be all unknown the Life beyond:  
Fables, and Fables all our C  
For what of the Region, here



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Poem De Animi Immortalitate having been already honoured with Two Translations, an Apology may perhaps, be expected for presuming to attempt a Third,—tho' but in part.

The best that occurs to Mind, at present, or at least the truest, is this.—It was the Result of a proposed Experiment (not long in executing) made to see how far it might be possible, in English, to represent the Latin, Verse for Verse, or (if the Word be coinable) carminatim.

Rhime, which had been previously resolved upon, (exclusive of Triplets) would, of necessity, require a Line more, or less, where the Number of Lines was odd, in such Latin Periods as could not well be made to run into each other. This Liberty was unavoidable; and no farther was designed to be taken.

The Restraint of Rhime, however, tho' a very agreeable one to the Masters of it.—The peculiar Felicities of the Latin Language—and the Extent of its Hexameters—made certain Difficulties still more apparent; but the Attempt succeeding better than was at first imagined, an intended Specimen grew, unawares, to such a Length as to induce its Continuance to the End of the first Book.

That Period was Admonishment enough to stop. And indeed, the Subject of the Poem, so far as it related to the Immortality of the Soul, had, at that Period, received its completed Consideration; the second

*Part pursuing, chiefly, its immediate Consequence—a future State of Rewards and Punishments.*

*So that this first Book may be looked upon as a finished Piece; wherein the various Arguments arising from natural, or rational Reflexions on the Subject, lead the Reader to this just, and interesting Conclusion, that—Nothing perishable can ever satisfy a Soul, that must exist to all Eternity.*

*Not that all the Arguments, of this Kind, can be supposed to be exhausted in so small a Compass. It was enough to select a Number of such as appeared to be the properest for present Purpose; the most likely to engage the Attention of any ingenuous Reader, who had not been, as yet, so happy as to fix it upon shorter, and in themselves considered clearer, stronger, and more affecting Demonstrations.—Such, I mean, as are directly taken from the Principles of Religion, and their compendious, and authoritative Summary—The Gospel.*

*To the Truth of which all Arguments whatever afford an Evidence, in Proportion to the Extent, and Fairness of their Application.*

*If the Reader would see an English Poem, wherein the Immortality of the Soul, and the Subjects akin to it, are more diffusely treated on, he may enquire for one intituled—*Nosce Teipsum*; or the Delphic Oracle expounded, as a Looking-Glass for the Soul.*

*It was written by Sir John Davies, Attorney-General to Queen Elizabeth; and contains about 480 Stanzas, of four Lines each,—the Measure five Feet,—and the Rhimes alternate. If the Poet had but designed it, without Intersections—in the same Measure,—and with Rhimes immediate—it would, in all Likelihood, have been, at present, too celebrated a Performance to need any particular Direction for Enquiry.*

*Stanzas have, sometimes, a beautiful Propriety in shorter Compositions; but in long ones, and especially upon grand, or serious Subjects,*



ject, the last mentioned is the truest general Standard for English Poetry.

For Instance; where the Argument, in both the Poems, is just the same; and taken from the self motive Power of Mind, or Soul; and where the Consequence is really as plain to serious Attention, as the Fact is to common Consciousness; Sir John's Quatrain runs thus:—

And if herself she can so lively move,  
And never need a foreign Help to take;  
Then must her Motion everlasting prove,  
“ Because herself she never can forsake.”

This would read exceeding well in a short Excursion upon the Subject, in Company with a few other Stanzas, but, in the Course of so long a Poem, Incisions grow fatiguing; and even this, where it occurs, has not a Dignity so proportionate to the Sentiment as Heroic Verse, as it is called, would have bestowed upon it.

If the Latin Poem had been in any other Measure, it might have lain more open to the like Objection, than as it runs at present.

Tum porro ipsa fui motrix est, non aliunde  
Instincta; at quodcunque sua virtute movet se  
Vivet in æternum, quia se non deferet unquam.

Mind is the Mover of itself, we know,  
And that which Motion to itself can give  
Leaves not itself—it must for ever live.

Again—the Argument taken from the Vivacity, if one may so call it, of some dying Men, is a very intelligible, if not sensible Conviction that the Mind is not dying, tho' the Body be. They who can be witty enough

*to suspect it, may, by analogous Logic, be foolish enough to imagine that the Body is dead, when they perceive the Garment, that it had been clothed with, lying motionless upon the Ground.—Here again Sir John.*

But most of them, ev'n to their dying Hour,

Retain a Mind more lively, quick, and strong;

And better use their understanding Pow'r,

Than when their Brains were warm, and Limbs were young.

For, though the Body wasted be, and weak,

And though the leaden Form of Earth it bears;

Yet when we hear that half-dead Body speak,

We oft are ravished to the heavenly Spheres.

*Namque ubi torpescunt artus jam morte propinquâ*

*Acrior est acies tum mentis, et entheus ardor;*

*Tempore non alio Facundia suavior, atque*

*Fatidicæ jam tum Voces morientis ab ore.*

*For, when Death comes, the cold approaching Hour*

*Sharpens the Mind, and warms with entheous Pow'r;*

*What Eloquence have dying Men, what Fire?*

*They speak prophetic Words—and they expire.*

But I forgot that little Wits, the Originals at least, who scorn to be indebted to any Understanding but their own (and so judge accordingly) will, if I go on, accuse the Latinist of Plagiarism; the weakest of all Reproaches that can be cast upon any Poet, who adopts good Sense, and places it in any advantageous Light whatever.

For



*For if he be a good one—who would not be glad when he embellished an happy Thought of another Man's? If a bad one—who would be sorry when he produced no silly Fancies of his own.*

*I should apprehend that Readers, to whom the Latin Poem was acceptable, would have sooner blamed the Author had he neglected any Argument, to his Purpose, for so bad a Reason as that so good a Writer as Sir John Davies had made Use of it before him; who was himself not, certainly, the first that did so.*

*The Hints that happen to be much alike in the two Poems are, indeed, no other than what might very well be thought on by different Persons, intent upon so similar a Subject; but if not,—that Objection must be exceeding frivolous which is built upon a Supposition, that a good Thing ought never to be said, but once.*

*The Subject will be Excuse sufficient for adding here, the final Stanza of the Attorney-General's Noſce Teipſum.*

Caſt down thyſelf, and only ſtrive to raiſe

The Glory of thy Maker's ſacred Name :

Uſe all thy Pow'rs this bleſſed Pow'r to praiſe,

Which gives thee Pow'r to be, and uſe the ſame.

*Would any ſenſible Reader ever blame a Poem, ſuitable to ſuch an excellent Conclusion, for ending with the ſame juſt Thought, in either different Language, or different Verſe? for Example, in ſome ſuch Manner as the following :—*

Subjice te cunctis; et ſit tuus ille Creator,

Cui debetur honos, tua gloria; dotibus ille

Te decorat, quaſcunque tenes; ergo utere donis,

Perpetuas que Deo ſoli meditabere laudes.

*Humble*

*Humble thyself; and only strive to raise*

*True, sacred Glory—thy Creator's Praise:*

*What Pow'rs thou hast, he gave them to be thine;*

*Use well the Gift,—and bless the Pow'r divine.*

To return to the present Translation—The Endeavour has been, to keep as closely to the original Latin, as a Translation of such a Kind, and the Licentia belonging fairly to it, could well admit; that is, to the Sense of it; for, in this Design, the different Idiom of Language forbid the Servility of Adherence to Words, or Phrases; whenever the Correspondence would evidently be less poetical.

Two Passages (I recollect but two) must be excepted; where an unsought-for Difference, in the Turn of Thought, presenting itself has happened to be farther indulged; without interrupting the Progress of occurring Rhimes, by any Hesitation whether it was justifiable, or not.

And of this, or any other incidental Matter, nothing is here said; because the Translation is designedly submitted, with all its unpalliated Defects, to public Censure; and to stand or fall by it, without Appeal.

A comparing of it with the Original, may discover some Reasons for occasional Variation; some Mistakes of Inattention; and, if the Reader pleases, some Amendments. But this, tho' the fairest Thing to ask, and the easiest to make, is not at all insisted on: If the candid English Reader does not like it—it is given up—for, were it never so good a Thing in the Latin, if, in the English, it should appear to be a bad one, there will no Claim be laid to the Benefit of his Candour, whilst, upon the whole, his Judgment is displeased.

In a Word;—pleased, or displeased, is but a secondary Consideration. He is by no Means obliged to like, or to dislike, the Verses; but, in Justice to his own Soul, he is obliged to like a Subject so worthy of his better Thoughts as that of its IMMORTALITY.



# ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT Gentlemen who shall have any Inclination to compare the Translation with the Original may the rather do it, the English Pages are printed so as to correspond with the Latin; either exactly, or within a Verse or two: Every Page, but the first and last, having just Twenty Verses; as the Latin appeared to have at first; and the Number of Verses was thought to be equal upon the Whole; till it was observed that the Latin Copy, in three Pages, had but Nineteen. But this will not hinder the one from being interlined with the other, commodiously enough.

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THE  
M O R T A L I T Y  
OF THE

S O U L  
BOOK THE FIRST

**B**UT if I cannot upon Faith enjoy the store  
That Nature yields, and never look for more,  
Sagacious I am, with huge Desire to know  
Whence Things, their Causes, and Connections flow  
Takes a true Count;—Down with black Wing is near,  
And stops him in the Midst of his Career.  
Why this; if God created nought as vain?  
Why should the Mind the Seed of Heav'n contain  
Not to produce the Fowl? what Profit brings  
To learn, to understand, the Cause of Things?

Thro'



THE  
I M M O R T A L I T Y  
OF THE  
S O U L.  
B O O K the F I R S T.

**B**RUTE Creatures upon Earth enjoy the Store,  
That Nature yields ; and never seek for more.  
Sagacious *Man*, with huge Desire to know  
Whence Things, their Causes, and Connections flow,  
Takes a *vain* Course ;—*Death* with black Wing is near,  
And stops him in the *Midst* of his *Career*.

Why this ; if God created nought *in vain* ?  
Why should the Mind the *Seeds* of Heav'n contain  
Not to produce the *Fruit* ? what Profit brings  
To search, to *understand*, the Cause of Things ?

Thro'



Thro' all *below*, thro' all *above* the Sky,  
 Sun, Moon, and Stars to penetrate — and *die*?  
 If Death be *all* that follows Life's *Parade*,  
 Better to fool with *Phyllis* in the Shade;  
 To take the jovial *Glass*, the merry *Dance*;  
 To banish *Care*; — and trust ourselves to *Chance*.  
 All Sense of *past*, all Fear of *future* Day,  
 Let Wine, Diversions, Banquets drive away;  
 Let *Cloe* sing; *Neera* touch the Lyre;  
 Snatch *present* Joys — nor what's *to come* enquire.

In vain alas! the Precept to enjoy;  
 Scarce do we *taste* the Pleasures, but they *cloy*.  
 Let Trifles then, be seriously dismiss'd;  
 Have *Wealth* as great, or *Glory* as you list;  
*Ambition* prosperous as it can be;  
 Surrounding Clouds attend at your *Levee*;  
 What *more* you please — 'tis all but *one* same Call  
 To cry — Alas! *what* *Vanity* 'tis *all*!

Where *must* we *go* then? to what friendly Shore?  
 So, pent in Bodies, *Minds* would *fain* explore.

Where Truth's *eternal* Mansions may be found,  
*Whither* (so Nature tells them) they are *bound*.  
Mind was not made for *transitory* Joys,  
But Bliss *congenial*, that no *Change* destroys;  
Bliss like *itself*, for ever to endure—  
Take *Courage* then—the Works of God are *sure*;  
Not wrought *in vain*; nor shall the Limits bind  
Of this corporeal mortal Clog, the *Mind*:  
Clear *she* shall flourish from terrestrial Stain,  
*For ever* flourish; freed from ev'ry Chain,  
Her kindred *Heav'n* th' *old Native* shall review,  
And drink of Truth's eternal Spring *anew*;  
The vital Draught nectareous, and recruit  
Her deathless Vigour with perennial Fruit.

Here, in this Life (if it deserve the Name  
*This*—in the *Husk* of a corporeal Frame)  
Unspread her Wing, unrout'd her *vivid* Force;  
Yet much the *Token* of her ancient *Source*:  
How does she so *remember*? how deduce,  
From Things dispos'd, such *Order*, and such *Use*?



So rich a Treasure, so immense a Train,  
 Corporeal Stowage little could contain;  
 Less reproduce; *such* Privilege the Part  
 Of *Mind*—Inventress of the various Art—  
 That taught to needy Life *Grace*, and *Defence*;  
 Gave Names to *Things*; and tied a vocal Sense  
 To *Letters*; brought the wild dispersed Clowns,  
 From brutish *Rambling*, to abide in *Towns*;  
 Tam'd them by *Laws*, united by *Consent*—  
 What, by all this, but Force *diviner* meant?  
 But Sense *Ethereal*, Spirit *above* Death;  
*Virtue* excited by *celestial* Breath?

What Pow'r enlivens eloquent Discourse,  
 To flow, to thunder, with such *rapient* Force?  
 Is it not, think ye, more than mortal Fire?  
 The *Bards*—what animates their *sacred* Quire?  
 For whether *Versè* well turn'd, canorous, clear,  
 With varied Sweetness lapse into the Ear,  
 Or imaging the Truth by *Fictions* Aid,  
 With fabl'd Wonders winningly display'd.

Rove thro' the *inmost* Heart—the *Bard*, mean time,  
Breathes nothing *little*, nothing *not sublime*.

Whilst, here on Earth, the Things that we behold,  
All in the *same* revolving Circle roll'd,  
Fill not the Mind, that looks for *ampler* Dues;  
The sacred *Bard* presents sublimer Views;  
A *fairer* Scene, of ev'ry Wish the Sum;  
The *Hope*, the *Presage* of a *Life to come*.

If skill'd celestial Motions how to solve,  
How the *huge* Planets round the *Sun* revolve;  
Thro' the vast *Void* to trace the *Comet's* Line,  
Where *other Suns* on *other Planets* shine;  
Is not this high, this Heav'n pervading, Mind  
Come down from *Heav'n*, for *Heav'n* again design'd?

Plain, in these Efforts of the Mind, to see  
A Force *innate*, from Dregs *material* free:  
*Self-conscious* Will too, Love, and Hatred shown,  
Fear, Hope, Joy, Grief, are plainly all *her own*;  
No *lumpish* Properties; she can compare,  
Or sep'rate Things, by merely *mental* Care;

Can



Can gather *distant* Truths, and reunite  
 The scatter'd Portions in *one* friendly Light:  
 Draw hence the *Cause* of Things, and the *Design*;  
 And, in fair Order, Arts with Arts combine:  
 More near to Truth *still* rising, and more near,  
 Till the whole causal *Series* appear;  
 The *Chain* descending from th' Almighty's Throne,  
 From Heav'n to Earth—*Ideas* too, *her own*  
 She can inspect; and inward Notice take  
 Whence, how, they rise—and almost *know* her *Make*.

Is Pow'r *corporeal* such? *Machines*, do they  
 Know their own *Strength*, or on what *Food* to prey?  
 For Body is but *mere* Machine alone,  
 Mov'd by *external* Impulse—not *its own*.

Judge not by *vulgar* Men the noble Mind;  
 But such <sup>whole</sup> *Worth* to future *Praise* consign'd;  
 As *Rome*, or *Greece*,—ev'n *now* illustrious dead—  
 Or *England*, unsurpass'd by *either*, bred;  
 The Nurse of *Heroes*,—in her *better Times*!  
 What *Bards* have blest her with diviner *Rhimes*?

; Besides

C

With

With *Laws* what *Sages*? how many renown'd  
 For *Eloquence*—for *Science* has she found?  
 Tho' brought to Light, by Culture late begun;  
 When *Bacon*, rising like th' *etherial Sun*,  
 First taught the Paths of Arts; first made appear  
*Philosophy*, from idle *Figments* clear;  
 And tracing, Step by Step, the faithful Ray,  
 Where the *sure Guide Experience* led the Way,  
 To *Newton*, born her Treasures to command,  
 He show'd the *Track*; and gave the *Torch* in Hand.

Illustrious Souls! may your Example move  
*Britannia's* Sons still farther to improve;  
 To *high Attempts* th' awaken'd Mind to raise;  
 And, by true *Virtue*, merit ancient *Praise*.

Not without *Heav'n*, with Genius so sublime,  
 Could Men be *born*—but God, in ev'ry Time,  
 Has, here and there, like *Stars* amidst the *Night*,  
 Besprinkl'd *Minds* of more *resplendent Light*;  
 That a *degen'rate Age* might catch the Flame,  
 And own from what *high Origin Man* came.

Besides ;



Besides ; a *Something* for us is confest,  
When we are dead, in ev'ry conscious Breast ;  
'Tis shown *within* 'tis ancient *Learning's* Thought ;  
'Tis *public* Voice—no Nation so *untaught*  
As all beyond the Grave to disregard ;  
Hence *Oaks*, slow growing, posthumous Reward,  
Are sown for *Grandsons* Profit ; hence appears  
The *Pyramid*, that braves the *gazing* Years :  
Hence all the Care about a living *Name*,  
When *Men* are dead ; so valued future Fame,  
That who *excels*, in any Thing, will run,  
Thro' ev'ry Danger, no Fatigue will shun,  
If *only* some fair *Prospect* of Renown  
Flatter, from Age to Age descending down.  
Do not we see that *Convicts*, doom'd to die,  
*Confess* their Guilt ; sometimes perhaps deny ;  
At *instant* Death—why *willing*, or why *loth* ?  
The Future only, can account for both :  
While *Penitents* discern, and dread the Lot,  
The *harden'd* Rogue has all but *Fame* forgot :

'Tis *Nature's Instinct*, or obscure, or plain,  
Of more than *Dust* and *Ashes* to remain.

Why about *Funerals* such anxious Care  
What means of *Tombs* the *operose Affair*?  
Some lay the bloodless Carcas in the Ground,  
And deck the Grave with *Flow'rs*; each annual Round  
Renewing *Rites* that *Ashes* scarce require:  
Some rear the Pile, and burn it in the Fire;  
Then place the *Relics*, of the Friend they burn,  
To last, for Ages, in the *faithful* Urn.

Where *Nile's* rich Flood the fertile Grounds o'erflow'd,  
Neither to *burn*, nor *bury*, was the Mode:  
They fill'd th' unbowel'd Chest, and emptied Scull,  
With thick, *bituminous* Confection full:  
In *spicy* Pitch when thus *embalm'd* they roll'd  
The Corpse with close drawn *Fillets*, many a Fold;  
Preserv'd the *Shape*, or what they *could* at least,  
And, on the Surface, *figur'd* the Deceas'd.  
Such *inbred* Hope, and Trust, in Men alive,  
That *something*, after Death, is to *survive*:



One *Truth* exprest by ev'ry outward Art,—  
Nor *Time*, nor *Fate*, can kill our better Part.

See, in the Realms where *Indian Ganges* rolls,  
A Race of Men, with too *eager* Souls,  
Of Life *impatient*, rush into the Fire ;  
Or at their Idol Shrines from *Life* retire :  
Tho' blind, to *Hopes* of quiet Seats they run ;  
Of Spring perpetual, and unclouded Sun.

Not less renown'd in Fame, the *Eastern Wives*,  
To their *dead Husbands* sacrifice their Lives :  
*Their* Loss no *womanish* Complaint proclaims ;  
They mount the Pile,—and join them in the *Flames* :  
Each hopes, *Companion* to her dear-lov'd Spouse,  
In other Regions to *renew* her *Vows*.

See, in the *North*, with equal Ardor glow  
Unconquer'd Nations, in eternal Snow ;  
Whom, with untam'd *Contempt* of *Living* fierce,  
Nor Foe can vanquish, nor can War coerce :  
They love their *Country* ; Love's *Reward* their Aim,  
Thro' Fires, and Swords, they push the *patriot* Claim.

Add

Add what old Times of Fields *Elysian* spake ;  
 Of *Phlegethontic* Wave, and *Stygian* Lake.  
 —*Fictions of Priestly Fraud*—be that the Case ;  
 'Twas *inbred Notice* that gave Fraud a *Place* ;  
*Sure* of the Future tho' *imperfect* View :  
 All Fiction builds on *Something* that is *true*.

Because 'tis difficult to think of Mind  
 From Body, and from *grosser* Sense, disjoin'd,  
 Corporeal Form to it the *Vulgar* give ;  
 And Looks, and Limbs, and Place wherein to live :  
 To *wonted* Likeness fashioning their Schemes ;  
 Which others holding for delirious Dreams,  
 (The *How* not known of its surviving State)  
 Deem it extinguish'd by one *common* Fate.  
 Or,—that they care not for much Cost of *Thought*,  
 Or shame to *own* their *Ignorance* of aught.  
 If true from false not easy to discern,  
 Shake off all *Sloth* then, nor refuse to learn,  
 For any *Tales* that *Fraud* has interspers'd,  
 Or some vain *Poets* petulantly vers'd.

What



What is not God's *Existence* own'd by all?  
*Consent*, which rightly *Nature's Voice* they call.  
 And yet what false unworthy Notions fram'd?  
 Sex, Passions, Vices; Gods a *Number* named:  
 Scarce any Object of their *Hopes* or *Fears*,  
 But what Men *deified* in former Years.  
 Such as they *lik'd* for Gods *propitious* past;  
*Sinistrous* else; till Madness, at the last,  
 With *reptile* Deities their Temples stor'd;  
 And even *Leeks* and *Onions* were ador'd.

Pond'ring these *Ills*—the great *Athenian* Sage  
 Foretold *His* Coming, in the *destin'd Age*,  
 (*He came! desir'd—the Nations, since He came,*  
*The Help and Advent of a God proclaim.*)  
 Whose *divine* Light should give dark Minds the *Day*;  
 Guide them to *Truth*, and mark the *certain* Way.

Mean while, full many Signs of Truth to Sight  
 Had *Nature* show'n; tho' through obscurer Light.  
 Let us then, see how far *Conjectures* rise;  
 Nor *Reasons* Help, if it can give, despise.

Body

Body and Mind agree, I don't deny,  
 In *many* Things—it is their mutual Tie:  
 But Mind in *many* differs, that define  
 Her *Nature* different, and her *Race* divine.

We often see to *Body* firm and strong,  
 Healthy, robust, a *feeble* *Mind* belong;  
 To weak, full oft, *one* of surprizing *Force*;  
 If Death together kill them *both*, of Course  
 They *both* should *sicken* in the same Degree;  
 Reverse, *again*, of what we often see;  
 That, when *Death* comes, the *cold* approaching Hour  
 Sharpens the *Mind*, and *warms* with *entheous* Pow'r:  
 What Eloquence have *dying* Men, what Fire?  
 They speak *prophetic* Words—and they *expire*.  
 If Mind like *Body* *elemental*, whence,  
 Tho' *Sleep* shut up the *Inlets* of all *Sense*;  
 Without *external* Objects, can the Mind  
 On *inward* Scenes expatiate unconfined?  
 Just as a Bird, *uncag'd*, takes Wing to fly,  
 Mounts upward, and *exalts* in open Sky.

Body

Mind



Mind of corporeal Nature, it is plain,  
 Must *Parts*, in Number *infinite*, contain:  
 Each *one* of which will have its Sense, and Soul,  
 And *many* diff'rent Minds distract the *Whole*.  
 In *such* a System, grant it to exist,  
 Say how can *Truth*; and *Equity* subsist?  
 How Life's *one* Tenor,—in the jarring Host,—  
 And this same *conscious Virtue* that we boast?

Perhaps this Mind, this Matter's Force *occult*,  
 May from its *Figure*, and its *Site*, result.—  
 As if the *Square* was wiser than the *Round*!  
 Parts you may add, diminish, or compound;  
 But *Site*, and *Figure*, for the *mental* Track  
 No more accounts, than *Colour* white, or black.

Motion may do't—what will not *Motion* do?  
 Yes—Reason, Speech, and Will, and Wisdom too  
 Is all but *Rope*, and *Pulley*—proper *Size*,  
 And *lash* his *Top*, the *Lad* will make it *wise*:  
 So will the *Liquor*, boiling in the *Pot*,  
 With flowing *Eloquence* grow *richly* hot.

Mark

D

But

But whence comes *Motion*? Mind is the *one* Thing,  
Not *passive* Body, that is Motion's Spring:  
As God the World, so its corporeal Frame  
*Mind* agitates, and inward moving *Aim*.

Cease then to wonder, when the Body's gone,  
That *living* Mind continues to *live* on.  
What *Death*, I rather wonder, with what *Darts*,  
Can e'er *destroy* it, since it has no Parts:  
It cannot perish by *external* Blow;  
It is the *Mover of itself*, we know;  
And that which Motion to itself can give,  
*Leaves* not itself—it must for ever *live*.

But who can well conceive a Thing to *be*,  
From certain *Shape*, and *Situation* free?  
What then is *Deity*? the Mind divine,  
(Far as we know) no Figure can confine;  
Or Place contain;—unless you will suppose  
That God himself is *Matter*;—if He knows,  
Pure simple *Spirit*, Grossness of no Kind,  
No more does God's fair *Image*, human *Mind*.



Mark its *Self Pollency*; what greater Sign  
Of Breath *etherial*, Progeny *divine*?  
Ev'n here, while *tether'd* to this *mortal* Shape,  
Oft, on the Stretch, it *meditates Escape*;  
Like a *strange* Guest on Earth, from foreign Ties  
Springs up, and longs to reach its *native Skies*.

Go now, admire a World, of *fading* Things;  
Fly, *busy Insect*, with thy gilded Wings;  
Feed on its Dews, and flutter in its Air;  
Soon to be *Nothing*, of aught *else* despair.  
Is this the *whole* of *Life*? thus void of Hope?  
Of all its flatt'ring Promise *this* the *Scope*?  
How much more real that, *that* Life of Man,  
Where Truth, *at once*, discovers *all* its Plan;  
Not by Degrees, thro' *long* Deductions drawn,  
Clear *Intuition* sees the cloudless Dawn.

You'll say perhaps,— that Mind to *Body* link'd  
Cannot perceive, when *Senses* are extinct;  
With *them* it grows, and ceases when *they* cease—  
How then gives Mind to Senses an *Increase*?

For their Defect, by Help of *Art*, it clears;  
And *Eyes to Eyes* it adds, and *Ears to Ears*.

Hence, higher rais'd than *human* Lot's Purlien,  
It calls the *Stars* of Heav'n to *nearer* View;  
Great *Earth's* hid Treasures mast'ring, it descries,  
And pores in Systems too *minute* for *Eyes*;  
New Worlds of Wonder it brings forth to Light,  
And mends the Seeing with *superior* Sight;  
Of Form, and Bulk, and Distance it decides,  
And judges *rightly*, where the Sense *misguides*.  
Shows not all this a Pow'r from *Sense* sejunct?  
Etherial Science? *Body* then, defunct,  
These short Exeursions indicate the *Mind*  
For more unbounded Range of Truth design'd.

How will it be?—*that Knowledge* is to come;  
No *Part* of *ours*; the Life within the Womb  
Know you *what 'twas*? knows he that was born blind  
Delights of *Colour*?—No; but he can find  
That *others* know them, tho' himself does *not*—  
So knows the *Mind*, in this her present Lot,

Amidst



Amidst the Scenes *unequal* to her Care,  
That some unknown, *eternal* Forms, and *fair*,  
Are shown to Minds more vig'rous, and sublime;  
To these she gives her Wishes, and her Time:  
*True Beauty's* Absence, absent, she deplores,  
And smit with secret, conscious *Love* adores:  
Shuns human Haunts, and seeks the silent Wood,  
To meditate, *alone*, th' *eternal* Good:  
To sooth her Cares with *Thought* of future Things,  
And *Verse*—to make them *present* while she sings.

That Man I reckon to have liv'd *indeed*,  
Who having seen how all Things *here* proceed,  
With *equal* Mind, and constantly good Aim,  
Returns, *contented* Guest, to whence he came.  
Whether you count an *hundred* Years, or *few*,  
The same *old* Scenes come round, and round, anew.  
The *World* has nothing *better* to bestow—  
Deem then this transitory State, below,  
A public Market, or a spacious Inn;  
Where, for a while, when *floating* Life has been,

With

With Cares, and Trifles *lost*, of ev'ry Sort;  
 Who leaves it first, is *first* got into *Port*.  
 Haste *thither* then;—*contract* the daring Sail;  
 Steer into *Harbour*, lest Provisions fail:  
 Haste! the *Disease*—the *Death* of the dear *Friend*—  
 Th' infirm *old Age*—what Ills on *Life* attend!

Where do I run? We *must*, and *ought* to stay,  
 Till *He* who plac'd us *here*, call *hence* away:  
 Thro' Hopes, thro' Fears, *this* Leader we can trust;  
*He* bids us bear,—and therefore *bear* we *must*.

But, were I *sure* that *this* poor *Life* was *all*,  
*My* eager Wish would be—a *sudden* Call;  
 To go where sooner, later, from the *Stage*  
 All *Actors* drop,—to sleep an endless *Age*.  
 Nay *Youth* renew'd, if it were giv'n to chuse,  
 Or cradl'd *Infancy*—I wou'd *refuse*.

Not all the Blessings of *the Life*, not *Health*,  
 Wit, Elocution, Prudence, Manners, *Wealth*,  
 Unenvied Honour, num'rous Issue, known  
 Both by their *Fathers* Virtues, and *their own*.

Not



Not for *all this* Reward, would *I* compound  
To run, *again*, a Race of *mortal* Round.  
The *Mind's* Expectance just, as well as high,  
Nothing can equal—that can *ever die*.

11 7 49

F I N I S



THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Not for all this Reward, would I compound  
To run, again, a Race of mortal Round.  
The Mind's Expendance just, as well as high,  
Nothing, can equal—that can ever die.

F. I. W. I. S.

